

are you in love?

losers friendships - II

angelsprunch

are you in love? by angelsprunch

Series: [losers friendships \[2\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: M/M, Other, but it's mostly about mike and richie, reddie is mentioned, they talk about love

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Mike Hanlon/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-05

Updated: 2017-11-05

Packaged: 2020-02-01 00:25:54

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,047

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

mike sees a side of richie that the others aren't familiar with. together, they try to figure out what love is and if they've ever felt it.

are you in love?

Author's Note:

i'm still exploring different dynamics with the losers!
i want to explore them all and maybe revisit some
other ones! let me know if there's any that you really
want to see and let me know what you think! check
me out on tumblr @ dadsharrington

People would joke that Eddie had the ultimate tool to shut Richie up by kissing him, but Mike knew many other ways to shut Richie up. Sometimes when things got to be too much at home, especially over the summer, Richie would call up Mike and ask him if he needed any help on the farm. It would start with Richie chattering away, but the more he worked the less he talked. There was one time that Richie was talking about something that Mike couldn't remember for the life of him, but he stopped dead in his tracks when he saw a baby calf taking its first steps. While these weren't things that he could use to shut up the other boy when they were anywhere other than the farm, Mike didn't really mind listening to Richie's constant babbling. While he tended to work in silence, it was nice to have something to listen to while he did his chores. It was even nicer to have someone there to help him.

One fall, shortly after school started, Richie had showed up on Mike's doorstep with his backpack still on his back. It confused Mike because clearly the boy hadn't even gone home, but here he was with a look of sadness in his eyes as he asked Mike if he needed any help with his chores today. Instead of trying to think about what Richie could help him with, the other boy simply nodded and let Richie leave his backpack in his room. This time Richie didn't start talking until they were near the horses. Richie was cleaning out a stall while Mike put a new shoe on one of the horses.

"Have you ever been in love Mike?"

“Did you and Eddie have a fight?”

“Answer my question, dammit.”

Mike was quiet for a moment while he gave Richie’s question some thought. Although the other’s tone was urgent, there wasn’t any annoyance in it. He sounded serious which was uncommon for the boy unless he was one on one with someone. “No, I don’t think I have been in love. Or, at least, not in the sense you’re looking for. I’ve had crushes, yeah. None of it really ever seems to span out, though.” He glanced from the horse over to Richie. He was out of the stall, staring at the inside. It seemed like he was in a trance and Mike wondered what could be going through his friend’s mind.

“Do you think your parents are in love?”

“Yes.”

“How do you know, though?”

“I don’t think they’d be together if they weren’t in love.”

“My parents are together.”

“How do you know they aren’t in love?”

“They just fight. I don’t think I’ve ever even heard them say that they loved each other.”

“Why do you think they’re together?”

“I thought I was asking questions.”

Richie shot Mike a playful smile and went back into the stall to continue raking out the hay. Mike laughed and turned his attention back to the horse in front of him. Mike believed there was something more to this than just parents being in love. Richie knew for a long time that his parents weren’t in love, it was something that he’s complained to Mike about before. Something else had to have happened to make Richie start thinking about this, again. He knew that if he didn’t ask, Richie would pretend he was fine.

“Have you ever been in love, Rich?”

The question stilled Richie’s actions and he almost dropped the rake. It took him a moment to regain his composure, but he shrugged at Mike’s question. It took another few moments for Richie to realize that Mike couldn’t see him shrug. He sighed and stared at the hay in an attempt to make sure his voice didn’t shake. “Why? Are you in love with lil ole me?” he asked, putting on his best Southern belle voice. “I never thought I would find such a good man. So strong.” Mike laughed at the impression, but refused to drop the subject.

“Not to burst your bubble, but no.”

"I'm heartbroken, Mike."

"I think you'll survive."

"Maybe. What about a kiss just to find out if we're meant to be? You know what they say about true love's kiss."

"I'm not kissing you."

"I swear, despite the nickname, my mouth is clean!"

"Sure, trashmouth."

A silence fell over the two once more and the barn filled with the noises of cleaning. Mike thought he was going to have to push the topic further, but he wasn't sure how to bring it up. He wanted to know what his friend was struggling with so he could help and he couldn't help if he didn't know what was wrong. Just as he was about to open his mouth to further the topic, Richie spoke. "I don't know." he admitted, softly. He hadn't stopped raking and it was so quiet that Mike wondered if he had imagined Richie speaking at all. Still, Richie continued. "I know I should say that I am. I'm supposed to love Eddie, but I just don't know. I like what I have with him, but I don't know if I even know what love is. It's such a fucking cliché, yeah? Fucking kid trying to be edgy and claim he doesn't know what love is? Makes me wanna go beat the shit out of myself. I just-- I've never *seen* love. How am I supposed to know if I'm in love if I don't even know what it looks like?"

Mike was quiet for a long while after that and he wondered if Richie would continue in an attempt to fill the silence. He didn't which didn't bother Mike. Maybe they just needed a few moments with their own thoughts before either of them could do anything about this. "I don't know if anyone *really* knows what love is. We all have ideas, yeah. I think love is unique to everyone, though. What I consider love may not be what you consider love and what you consider love may not be what Eddie considers love."

"Well, what do you consider love?"

"I'll let you know when you find out."

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"I think I stepped in horse shit."